

Worth The Trouble?

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Summary: With nearly 300 years under his belt, Jack Frost has plenty of memories to visit. Yet, it's a select few months in particular that end up occupying his time. Hijack/Frostcup

Worth The Trouble?

It's easy to forget when you live forever.

No, not about all the angrily desperate questions of your existence; why you were chosen to spend centuries in solitude, why nobody ever sees you, why there has never been a damn good reason to begin with and why the flying fuc- No. No you won't forget about them, but.

Time? Easy. Even if Retrospect tells you otherwise; she's not a cruel mistress. Ol' Lady Time has no surprises, just keeps rolling by, not a second out of place. You forget about the days, the months, the years that pass you by. They're irrelevant.

And Consequence? Even easier. Mourn for all those fantastically snarky comebacks that fell on deaf ears, yes of course. But otherwise. You forget about who was delayed by that Snow Day, who probably didn't find the slippery roads as funny as you did, who was caught in those deathly cold Winter storms. They'll never know...they'll never care.

It feels good to forget. Or rather, it feels better to forget.

The regret will eat away at you otherwise, anyway. And when you've got forever, well... Yeah. The opposite of a fun time, I'm telling you now.

But that's just my advice on the subject. Between you and me though, it's not something I even follow. Can't.

Like to think I can though.

To pretend that from all the lapses, the ups and downs, I gained something. To fool myself into believing that it's all in the past; irrelevant. That He was going to disappear anyway- that's how time works after all. It passes, people die. So it wouldn't have mattered what I did. How selfish and stupid I was. How big of a mess I made, of a one-in-a-million chance.

Unfortunately, I'm not a very good liar.

It gets pretty tricky to pull the wool over your own eyes though. To adhere to these goals you set yourself, when you know there's no one to straighten you back into line after falling slack.

So I spend a lot of time remembering.

One small isle in particular, tucked away from the rest of the world. Berk. For a time it was my favourite place to visit.

But it wasn't the uncanny connection I felt between the island and myself, the tough and rugged mountain ranges that offered a perfect surrounding for airborne acrobatics, nor the burly folk who cursed equivalents of my name when I rolled Winter in, that kept me coming back. Definite contributors, yes. But there was still something greater. Or, some_one, rather.

Yeah, He was pretty great.

His mind was sharp and thoughtful, humour dry and insulting, voice more nasally than I cared for-

Hey, nobody said I had good taste. He could see me. Criteria fit.

I mean, at first I was kind of an idiot about it. Trying to figure out how, or why it was that this kid could see me, instead of just taking the damn miracle for what it was. Guess it did all happen rather suddenly...

Some of my memories have faded a little; countless years blurred together and forever forgotten. But the day we met is still just as clear. It started out so routinely too. Needed a fun-fix, something to get me going after the long flight across the oceans to Berk.

And so, down to the village I went (again, nothing out of the ordinary).

The children were in just as much need for something to do as I was. Beloved dragons having flocked to a neighboring island, if I recall, to have their own young (because the island really needed more of the overgrown lizards) whilst the older Vikings bustled about in preparation for the holidays.
>So I did what I knew best.<p>

It only took one well aimed throw and suddenly the street was resounding with laughter. Snowballs flying in every which direction â€" not exactly what you'd call deftly crafted, but they got the job done â€" and there were definitely more kids than there had been a moment before. All reacting; shouting with excitement and sporting wide smiles. Just what the doctor ordered.

But I suppose just like with everything else enjoyable, it comes to an end far too quickly. Or, it seems that way at least - bitterness may be playing a part here. The sky was growing dark when the first loud shout interrupted.

"Repugnette! Dinner's on the t__e__ble, and if you don't com' inside now, it's goin' to y__er __brother!"

It wasn't exactly immediate, but after the first kid left, the earlier atmosphere began to die down. One by one there were more calls, beckoning the children back inside. The snowballs stopped flying all together, the streets became still and I was alone. There wasn't anything I could do to bring them back out again.

It was _discouraging_ to say the least...Ha...Yeah.
Discouraging.

You know those 'ups and downs' I was talking about? Phases so to speak. This was a 'Down' phase â€" something I'd happily forget if I knew how â€" the 'Angrily Shouting At Their Backs When They Clearly Can't Hear You' phase. Promptly followed by the 'Stalking Off After Your Voice Does That Cracking Thing And You Really Just Need To Stop' phase.

Mm. So, fun-fix overshadowed, pretty aimless huffing, and a night that was only growing colder with new snowfall. Orange glows followed me from within the passing houses, no doubt torches and fireplaces being lit while their inhabitants prepared to sleep. Amazing how much time they lose doing that.

Not that I am without a need to rest, the urge is just... a lot less frequent.

As fate would have it though, the pull of fatigue had begun to weigh me down that night. Whether it was the unforgiving winds I fought and navigated to get to the Viking island or the fresh bout of disappointment I couldn't be sure. But finding a place to curl up and neglect coming to a definitive answer was becoming an increasingly enticing idea. It didn't matter where, tree branch, rooftop, a generously wide windowsill if I found one. As long as it was quiet I wasn't too choosy.

This fact made my stumbling upon an entirely vacant building seem incredibly lucky. In the moonlight I could make out a short figure â€" perhaps an elderly woman? - closing its door and toddling off into the darkened street. From inside the frosted windows a faint glow could be seen, but it was fairly obvious the place was empty.

Quick to make my way inside -like you wouldn't try breaking and entering at least once if you were invisible â€" I confirmed my assumption. There was nothing to see but high bookshelves, varying from robust and packed to essentially bare. To the side stood a sturdy counter top, and above several lit torches that dimly bathed the space. I suppose it was a little idealistic to hold hopes for an unoccupied bed to just happen to be lying around.

Stepping further inside and between two aisles, eyes drifting aimlessly over the protruding spines, one particular book grabbed my

attention. I want to pin it on something other than the shiny border work, but. Yeah that silvery trimming was really all it took for me to pull the otherwise dusty book from its place. As seemed to be a running theme with Berk, the cover was a dragon illustration. A moment longer was spent inspecting the front before I flipped it open.

And I know what you're probably thinking. These are some pretty minute details that seemed to be severely lacking in a certain aforementioned Him. But it's important I promise. Had I not indulged my absent-minded fascination with the insides of this particular book, we might never have met at all.

A few pages in, obscuring the illegible scrawling and some sort of an illustration was a loose piece of parchment, folded longways and reaching just passed the top of the page. A place-keeping device I presumed...And promptly swept onto the floor to get a better look at the picture underneath. Unfortunately it was more visually intriguing without the other half, and my interest in the book's content waned quickly thereafter.

Upon returning it to the shelf, I continued down the aisle, once again perusing for a suitable place to retire for the night. It wasn't more than a few steps into my search when-

"U-uh hey. Excuse me... Sir?"

Cue heart stopping when I turn around. Mr. Him himself, holding the place-keeper in hand.

"You uh, I think you dropped your bookmark."

Of course there was nothing I could do, my body trapped in place while my mind (simultaneously screaming) tried to process the reality before me._ Someone could see me. _

"-they seem to make a habit of getting lost."

It wasn't even as if I hadn't thought about the possibility. Actually I had a few particular scenarios I liked to play out in my head.

"-kills me to have to fold those corners."

Jack all useless in the current situation though, any casual conversation starters long since washed away in the sea of panic flooding through me. I can only imagine heavy, ragged breathing and wide eyed shock weren't very comforting to watch either.

"U-uh...Are you alright there..?"

Had I any control over my limbs at that moment, I would undoubtedly have recoiled from the hand that came to rest gently on my upper arm. Gaping wildly while failing to produce words from my mouth would have to serve as a substitute.

"You're, uh.. looking kind of pale," I distinctly remember his eyes trailing up to my hair before I started blinking too fast to really see anything clearly.

I wanted to cry out. Ask " c_onfirm_ that this was happening. But my throat was tight and my body listening to nothing my mind had to say. Within an instant my gaze was torn from the young Viking, while my legs -apparently the best they could do without a pilot " sprang me in the opposite direction.

Yes: I ran away.

The single most _dimwitted thing_ I could have done.

And that's not some wisdom of time garbage either, I knew about three seconds after I was a complete idiot. Which was about _two_ seconds before I'd tripped over myself and sent a bookcase toppling in my direction.

Then things were black for a time.

End
file.